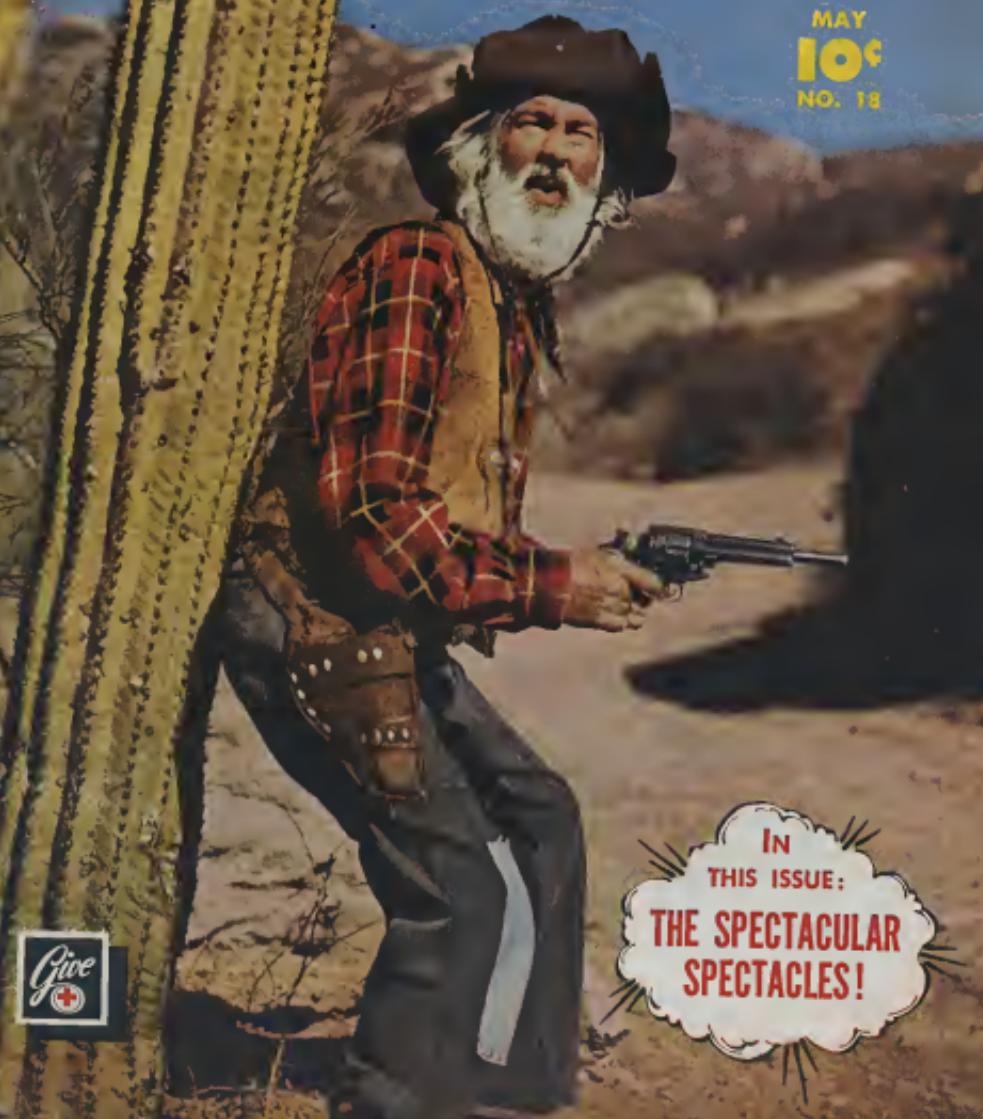


A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes<sup>®</sup> Western

MAY  
**10¢**  
NO. 18



IN  
THIS ISSUE:  
**THE SPECTACULAR  
SPECTACLES!**

# CHIEF GRAY MATTER

NOT A WOODEN HEAD!

IT'S NICE TO THINK THAT  
THESE SAPLINGS I'M PLANTING  
NOW WILL SOMEDAY BE  
GREAT TREES!

GROAN! I KNEW EVERYTHING  
WAS GOING TOO WELL! HERE  
COMES BUCK BUSYBODY,  
THE BIGGEST PEST IN  
THE WEST!

IF I DON'T GET RID OF HIM FAST,  
HE'LL ASK ME A MILLION QUESTIONS  
AND I'LL NEVER GET THESE  
TREES PLANTED!

HOWDY, CHIEF  
GRAY MATTER!  
WHAT ARE YUH  
DOING?

PLANTING  
TREES!

THET'S MIGHTY INTERESTING,  
CHIEF! WHUT KIND OF TREES  
ARE YUH PLANTING?

... WOODEN  
ONES!

ER ---

# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

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and  
**Bluebeard**



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## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



B BLUEBEARD DRAGS GABBY INTO A BARN AND HASTILY GOES TO WORK...

GOOD THING I HAD MY BLUE DYE! NOW I CAN GET RID OF THIS HOMBRE, AND MAKE IT SEEM AS IF BLUEBEARD IS DEAD!



D DAZED, GABBY STAGGERS OUT OF THE BARN, HIS BEARD DYED BLUE...



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

D DESPERATELY, GABBY FLEES HIGHER AND HIGHER TOWARD THE VOLCANO'S CRATER!

WE'RE GETTING POWERFUL CLOSE! WHICH IS WORSE? BEING FILLED WITH LEAD OR DROPPING INTO A VOLCANO?



CAREFUL NOW, CORKER! WE'RE RIGHT ON THE DINGBUSTED RIM!



S SUDDENLY, A PIECE OF THE RIM GIVES WAY!



SO LONG, OLD HOSS! THIS IS THE END!



NO POINT IN LOOKING FER HIM, SLIM! HE'S DAID FER SURE!

YEP! THAT'S THE END OF BLUEBEARD!

HUH! I AIN'T SO SURE!



IF WE WENT AFTER HIM, WE MIGHT MEET THE SAME END! HEAD FOR HOME, BOYS, AND SPREAD THE GOOD NEWS: BLUEBEARD IS DEAD!



IS GABBY REALLY PLUNGING TO DEATH IN A FIERY INFERNO?

(COUGH!) DINGBUST IT! THE BAR NOTHING RANCH WON'T NEVER GET A FOREMAN TO TAKE MY PLACE!



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# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



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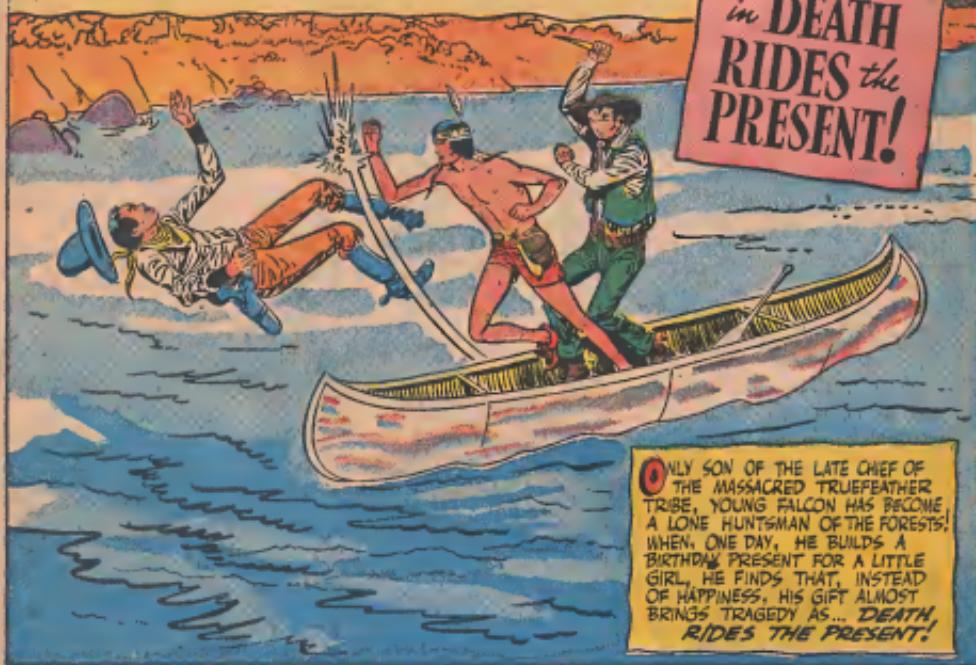


GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# YOUNG FALCON

in DEATH RIDES the PRESENT!



ONLY SON OF THE LATE CHIEF OF THE MASSACRED TRUEFATHER TRIBE, YOUNG FALCON HAS BECOME A LONE HUNTSMAN OF THE FORESTS! WHEN ONE DAY, HE BUILDS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR A LITTLE GIRL, HE FINDS THAT, INSTEAD OF HAPPINESS, HIS GIFT ALMOST BRINGS TRAGEDY AS... DEATH RIDES THE PRESENT!

YOUNG FALCON HAS BEEN STAYING AT THE TRIBAL ENCAMPMENT OF SOME FRIENDS, AND ONE MORNING...

TOMORROW IS MY BIRTHDAY, YOUNG FALCON!

YES, LITTLE DEER, AND I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN I PROMISED YOU A PRESENT! NOW YOU RUN ALONG WHILE I TALK TO YOUR MOTHER!

YOU ARE SO GOOD TO GIVE MY LITTLE ONE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT, YOUNG FALCON!

COME, I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU! IT'S DOWN BY THE EDGE OF THE RIVER!

AT THE RIVER'S EDGE...

IT IS BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG FALCON! LITTLE DEER WILL BE SO PROUD TO OWN A BIRCH-BARK CANOE OF HER OWN!

I FINISHED IT THIS MORNING! WE'D BETTER RETURN TO CAMP BEFORE SHE COMES SEARCHING FOR US!

## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

**T**HAT NIGHT, AS THE INDIAN  
ENCAMPMENT SLUMBERS,  
THERE IS TROUBLE IN A LITTLE  
TOWN SOME MILES AWAY--

MAKE IT SNAPPY,  
JUD! DON'T DROP  
THOSE MONEYBAGS!

I'M  
COMING,  
FRANK!

AS SOON AS  
THEY FIND THE  
WATCHMAN,  
THEY'LL BE  
AFTER US,  
JUD!

THEY'LL PICK  
UP OUR TRAIL  
IF WE HIT THE  
PLAINS! SO,  
WE'LL HEAD FOR  
THE WOODS!

**T**HEN NEXT DAY, IN THE WOODS--

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,  
LITTLE DEER!

BANK

BANK

CAFE

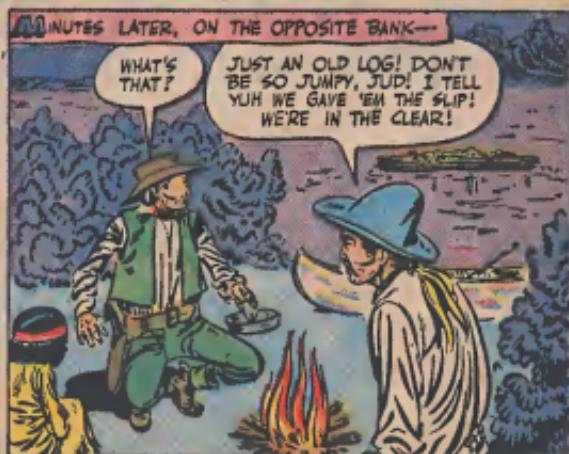
**SUDDENLY--**

DON'T MOVE! GRAB THE  
CANOE, JUD! IT'S JUST  
WHAT WE NEED! THEY'LL  
BE UNABLE TO PICK UP  
OUR TRAIL BY WATER!

MY CANOE!  
YOU CAN'T  
HAVE IT!

As  
LITTLE DEER  
DISTRACTS  
THE OUTLAWS  
FOR A SECOND,  
YOUNG FALCON  
SPRINGS  
INTO ACTION,  
AS SHIFT AS  
THE BIRD  
WHOSE NAME  
HE BEARSH





GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES

and THE SPECTACULAR SPECTACLES!

PUT AWAY THEM  
CONSIARNED SPECS,  
HESTER! AN' OLE  
EAGLE EYES CAN  
STILL SPY A FLY'S  
WHISKERS AT A  
HUNDRED PAGES!

TUT-TUT! WHO  
CARES HOW YOU CAN  
SEE? IT'S HOW YOU  
LOOK THAT COUNTS!  
PUT ON THESE  
GLASSES!

Royalty visits Rawhide! Yes, the elegant Duke and Duchess of Hamaneeggs are here for the summer, and throwing an open house tea party to meet their neighbors! Trust Gabby to give them a royal welcome with THE SPECTACULAR SPECTACLES!

NOW, NOW, GABBY!  
THIS EXTRA TOUCH  
WILL MAKE YOU LOOK  
DISTINGUISHED!

DINGBUST IT!  
AIN'T IT ENOUGH  
FER ME TO WEAR  
THESE DUDE DUDS?

I'M SO GLAD I FOUND  
THEM IN THE ATTIC!  
THEY LOOK LOVELY!

GREAT BALLS OF  
FIRE! THE THINGS  
I DO JUST SO I  
CAN EAT HESTER'S  
WITTLES!

NOW MIND  
YOUR MANNERS,  
GABBY! FIRST  
IMPRESSIONS  
ARE SO  
IMPORTANT!

MIGHTY PEE-COOL-YAR  
SPECS! EVERYTHING  
LOOKS DIFFERENT!

# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THE GLASSES DISTORT  
GABBY'S VISION...

REMEMBER  
GABBY! KEEP  
YOUR DIGNITY!  
THE DUKE SHORE  
FIXED UP THIS  
PLACE FUNNY! IT'S  
ALL OUT OF SHAPE!

EEEK!

OOPS!

BUMPIFY

BUMP-  
BUMP-  
BUMP!

I SAY! WHAT  
A REMARKABLE  
ENTRANCE! IS THAT  
A LOCAL COWBOY  
CUSTOM?

SEE HERE, OLD  
MAN! AREN'T  
YOU OVER-  
DOING IT?

OWW!

WHUMP!

OHHH !  
MY PRECIOUS  
VASE !

WHACK!

CRASH!

OH DEAR! I--UH--PLEASE.  
DUKE AND DUCHESS, FOR-  
GIVE MY FRIEND. HE JUST  
SLIPPED!

QUITE! LET'S  
OVERLOOK THE  
MATTER.

I DECLARE, GABBY! WHY CAN'T  
YOU ACT LIKE ACE KARNS? LOOK  
AT HIS SLICK MANNERS! MAYBE I  
OUGHT TO COOK FOR HIM INSTEAD  
OF A WORTHLESS OLD WADDIE  
LIKE YOU!

AW!

GABBY WOULD RATHER TRY RID-  
ING A WILD STEER---BUT HE DOES  
HIS BEST TO BE CHARMING...

WILL YOU  
HAVE SOME  
TEA AND  
CRUMPETS?

YES, MA'AM! I'D  
SHORE ADMIRE  
SOME VITTLES!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



M

MEANWHILE, ACE KARNS ABRUPTLY ENDS THE TEA PARTY--



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN





# STAR WITNESS



A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus

**T**HIS courtroom hushed to a dead silence as Buck Desmond stepped to the witness stand. Slowly, Buck took off his worn gray Stetson, swore the required oath on the black leather *Bible*, and sat down. The prosecuting attorney moved slowly towards him, holding a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Mister Desmond, were you in the town of Painted Gully on Friday, June 16?"

The rambling cowboy inclined his head. "Yes sir, I was—"

"What were you doing there?"

"I took my bay to the blacksmith's shop to have him shod. While I was waiting, I met some friends outside the general store. We talked for a while. Suddenly, we heard shots from the direction of the Painted Gully Savings Bank. We ran towards it!"

Every person in the courtroom was hushed, every ear listening to Buck Desmond tell the story. They all knew how, when the Painted Gully Bank was raided by the Grover brothers, it was Buck Desmond who had drawn his gun and attacked the outlaw gang. They knew, too, how all but one of the badmen had fled—all but Floyd Grover, who had been wounded by Buck's accurate fire. The other Grover brothers had disappeared, but Floyd Grover was standing trial for the attempted bank robbery.

Lined face, intent on the cowboy's testimony, the prosecuting lawyer listened to Buck's story. When he had concluded, the attorney asked, "Do you see any member of the holdup gang here in the courtroom?"

Buck looked around the room. His glance stopped. "Yes, I do. The man I wounded. Floyd Grover."

"Will you point him out, please?" the lawyer directed.

Buck rose and pointed to the outlaw, sitting in the prisoner's box. "That's the man. His brothers got away, but we nabbed him. He's the worst of the lot—the leader of the gang."

His grim face expressionless, the outlaw did not move as Buck stepped down from the witness box. Only his eyes were active. They followed the footloose cowhand as he moved across to his seat. It was this testimony, more than any other part of the State's case, that

would send Floyd Grover to prison.

The judge consulted his heavy silver watch, then looked up. "It's after five," he said. "The court is adjourned for today. Tomorrow both sides will have a chance to sum up, and the case will be given to the jury."

That night, Buck Desmond moved up the Main Street toward his hotel. It was a dark, overcast night without a star in the sky. As he turned down a side street toward his lodging, Buck noticed that a street lamp ahead was not lit. Strange, he was sure it had been lit earlier. Moving into the darker shadow under the lamp, Buck's ears suddenly caught a faint scuffling noise behind him—a funny, rushing noise. Suddenly tense, he began to whirl—but too late! From the corner of his eye, Buck caught a glimpse of a dark figure towering over him and of a club coming down toward him. He raised one arm in an attempt to protect himself, but too late. The blow smashed against his head, sending him slumping down to the ground, lost in a black sea of unconsciousness.

**H**OW long he stayed that way, Buck could not say. Dimly, he remembered being carried on a man's shoulder. Later he knew he was on a pony's lurching back. And as his senses began to clear, he knew that his wrists and feet were being tightly tied and that he was sitting upright in a chair. Slowly, he began to open his eyes. The slight movement sent a wave of pain racing through his head. Somehow managing to get them open, Buck lifted his head. He was tied to a chair, sitting in a ramshackle old mountain cabin. And standing before him were two men—men whose faces were strangely familiar.

"You've come to at last," one of them said in a cold voice. "I almost thought I'd croaked you. D'you know who we are?"

Buck inclined his head. "Retkon I do. Only saw you once before, but I remember you. You're the Grover brothers."

"That's right," one of the men husked. "But there's only two of us. Just Sam and Ned. We got a brother, Floyd. But he's in jail right now. They're trying him—aiming to send him to the state prison. It'd be mighty hard to get

## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

him out of there."

Buck said nothing. He was attempting to twist his wrists free from the bonds that were cutting mercilessly into his flesh. But it was useless. They were made of hard leather and were tightly drawn.

The bigger Grover brother went on, "It looks like it's going to be your testimony that'll send Floyd to prison. We aim to do something about it."

Buck looked up. "What do you aim to do with me?" he asked.

The big man grinned. "Since you're curious, here's the plan. You're going to write a letter to the judge and jury, telling them that your testimony against Floyd was a lie. You're going to tell them that you were paid to do it, that it was a frame-up. Then we're slipping the letter under the door of the courthouse tonight."

Buck started to laugh, stalling for time to think. "What good will that do?" he asked. "A letter isn't legal testimony. And besides, the judge and jury will know it isn't true. They'll throw it out of court!"

**S**AM GROVER shook his head. "Maybe," he said. "But it'll take them a while to make up their minds. They'll have to talk it over, delay the trial. The jury won't be able to go out for a few days to reach a verdict. That'll give us time—the time we need to work out a way to crack that little pen and spring Floyd." He indicated to a pen and paper on a table behind him. "You're going to write it and fast."

Buck Desmond realized that there was something to the plan. Certainly such a letter might not stand up as legal evidence, but it might confuse the judge and jury long enough to give the Grover boys time to free their imprisoned brother. The cowboy's lips tightened. "I won't do it," he said.

Ned Grover walked toward him, bone-hard knuckles folding into a rock-like fist. "I figured you might say that, and I'm going to enjoy this. Yes, sir, it's going to be kind of fun." Like a snake striking, his fists flashed through the air, slamming against the jaw of the helpless cowhand. Again and again he struck, until Buck's eyes clouded in a red haze. But still he muttered, "No, I . . . won't . . . write . . . it."

Both brothers began to pummel him sadistically, kicking him, and flailing with their heavy fists.

Suddenly Buck slumped forward, as far as the ropes would let him go. Sam and Ned

Grover stepped back, their cold eyes appraising him. "He's out cold," Sam said. "Let's go out for a smoke, until he comes to. We'll keep working on him. He'll write that letter."

When they had disappeared through the doorway, Buck's head slowly lifted. He had only feigned unconsciousness, hoping for a brief respite. Desperately, his thoughts raced. What could he do? If he were to write and sign the letter, he knew that the brothers would dispose of him immediately. He was too dangerous to leave around. No, he would have to get free in some way before they returned. But how? How could he cut his leather bonds? Was there anything sharp around? Swiftly, Buck's eyes explored the cabin. No, nothing! Then, he caught a flash of a pack rat's tail whisking along a corner of the room and going out of sight in a dark crevice. Pack rats liked to hide shiny, sharp objects, he knew. Maybe . . .

Carefully, the rambling cowboy leaned over to the side. Bit by bit, he let the chair tilt to the side. Finally falling over, he landed on his shoulder with a faint thud and held his breath. But there was no noise from outside. They had not heard the sound. Then, inch by inch, he worked his painful way across the floor toward the pack rat's hole. Reaching it, he thrust his hand inside. At first he felt nothing! Then, suddenly—something hard and smooth! He drew it out. But it was only a silver coin without a cutting edge. He tried again, this time with better luck. He felt something jagged, gripped it and pulled it out. It was a piece of broken glass and ideal for his purpose. Quickly, he began to work on his leather thongs. If he could get them off in time, he would be able to break one of the legs off the chair to use as a club. Then, standing by the side of the door as the thugs came in, he would have a fighting chance!

**S**O it happened! Ten minutes later, Sam and Ned Grover walked through the door, lips curling pleasurable at the thought of the punishment they were going to give the man who had captured their brother. Buck Desmond swung the chair leg twice, so fast and so hard that it just blurred in the air. Looking down at the Grover boys on the floor, he grinned. "I reckon that courtroom trial is going to have to be delayed after all," he said. "But not very long. Just long enough to add two more defendants to the list and to send Floyd, Sam and Ned Grover to the state prison."

THE END.

# GABBY HAYES

## TRICK RIDER

Gabby's busy tongue gets him into trouble again--but talking won't help him in the perilous task of proving he really is a TRICK RIDER!

RELAX, GENTS! I'M STAYING OUT OF THE CONTEST! IT AIN'T FAIR TO MATCH AN OLE MUSTANG MASTER, LIKE ME AGAINST SECH IGGERANT YOUNGSTERS!

STICKY BENSON HERE IS SHORE TO WIN ANYWAY, GABBY!

TRICK RIDING  
CONTEST  
FIRST PRIZE  
\$1,000

YORE A POWERFUL BRAGGER, GABBY, BUT I RECKON YUH COULDN'T EVEN RIDE A ROCKING HOSS! HAW! HAW!

LOCKY HERE,  
STICKY! I COULD  
STAND YUH  
YOUNG SPROUTS  
ON YORE EARS!

HUH!  
I'D LIKE  
TO SEE  
YUH DO  
IT!

AWK!



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



SHORE, I'M LAUGHING! THAT FOOL, STICKY, BORROWED A THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM ME, WITH HIS RANCH AS SECURITY! HIS RANCH IS WORTH FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

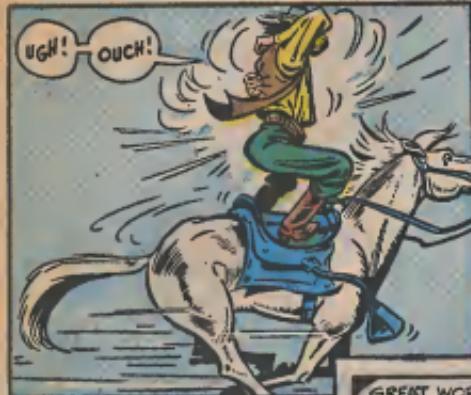




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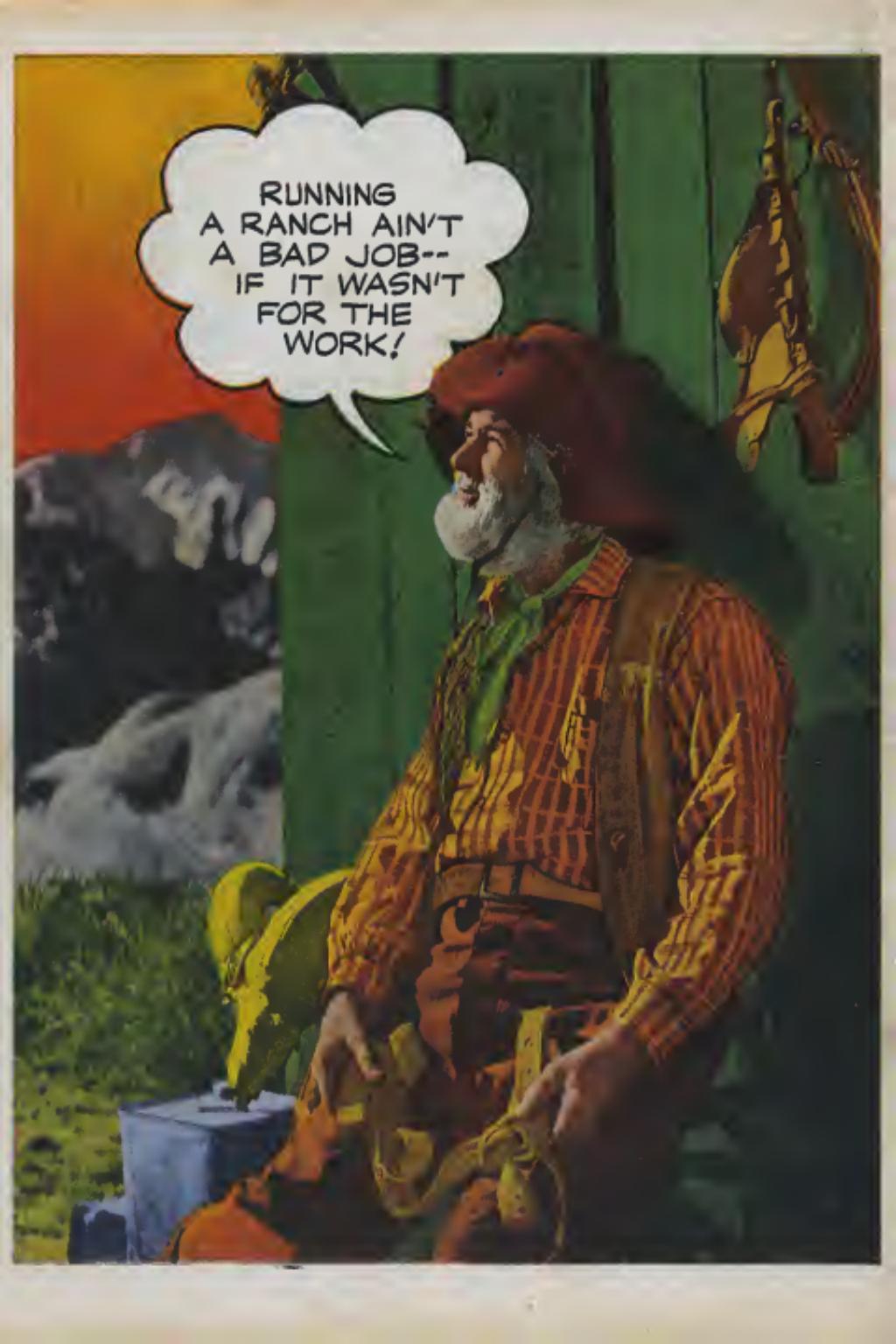
GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# LOCO LEW

shaky  
story





RUNNING  
A RANCH AIN'T  
A BAD JOB--  
IF IT WASN'T  
FOR THE  
WORK!

A Fawcett Publication

EDITS BY  
A Nonny Moose

Hayes

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